Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca*, *pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*,) and there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Ma.Pa. We three to heare it, and end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a prieſe of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He hears with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? hee hears with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtoll, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

Slen.